Anecdote of Chief Justice Marshall.

Judge Marshall's simplicity of character and absent-mindedness have been the theme of a number of anecdotes, and some of the good ones are embalmed in the chatty "Gossip" pages of the December *Lippincott*. One is his puzzle over the buggy and the sapling.

Turning aside one day to avoid one of those awful mudholes which abound in Virginia country road, the axle of his buggy encountered a stout sapling. The sapling was between the hub of the wheel and the body of the buggy. Too big to bend down, too supple to break, this sapling seemed to the Judge to be unconquerable. What to do he knew not. He got down out of the buggy the better to apply his great intellect to the knotty subject, and to study it thoroughly up. As he was pondering vainly, a negro man came along.

"Uncle," said the Chief Justice, "I wish you would tell me about this sapling. I can't get around it, I can't get over it, and I don't want to stay here all day and miss Court. What do you think I had better do?"

The negro could not repress a broad but silent grin. "Why, ole marster," said he, "I spec' de bes' thing you kin do is to back yo' buggy till you git clar uv de saplin', den turn de hade uv yo' hoss, an' den you kin void de saplin' and go to cote slick as goose-grease."

"Thank you—thank you kindly, uncle, I should never have thought of that in the world. You are a man of superior mind. There's half a dollar for you." And the Judge drove joyfully off.

Another anecdote, illustrating the same simple absent-mindedness and easy good-nature, has never before been in print. It is this: When Judge Marshall lived in Richmond, his opposite neighbor was Col. Pickett, father of the Confederate General George E. Pickett of Gettysburg fame. Col. Pickett was a man of wealth, lived well, and was not content unless everything about his household bore the marks of good living. His horses were his pride, and were conspicuous everywhere for their splendid appearance, being as sleek, fat and high-spirited as abundant food and good grooming could make them. Judge Marshall's horses, on the other hand, were notoriously lean and unkempt. Everybody but the Judge had long remarked this. At last it was brought to his notice, with the suggestion that his carriage-driver neglected the horses, sold much of their food, and appropriated the money to his own use, a good deal of it, no doubt, going for liquor.

The Judge called him up without delay:

"Dick, what is the reason Col. Pickett's horses are in such splendid condition while mine are almost skeletons? I am afraid you neglect them, don't half curry them, and don't half feed them."

Dick, not expecting the attack, was fairly posed. He hemmed and hawed awhile until he could gather his negro wits about him, and then said: "Marster John, look at you—is you fat?"

"No," said the Judge, "decidedly not."

"Well, look at ole miss (Mrs. Marshall)—is she fat?"

"No."

"Den look at me—is I fat?"

"No."

"Den look at yo' hosses—is dey fat?"

"No."

"Now, den, you jes' look at Kunnle Pickett. He fat, his ca'idge-driver fat, his hosses fat, his dogs fat—all fat. De troof is Mars John, fat run in de Pickett family, and it don't run in our'n. Dat's all."

"Well," said the Judge after a little reflection "there's a great deal in that. It never occurred to me before." He turned back into his study, and Dick was never troubled any more.

JOSEPHINE AND NAPOLEAN.—An interesting book, lately published in England, is *Lady Cornestine Davis' Recollections of Society in France and England*. We quote from it a picture of the first Empire. "I myself saw Josephine two years before the time when she unexpectedly breathed the last sigh of her eventful life. She was then at Malmaison, whither I was taken by my father. Though no longer young, she was pre-eminently graceful, and her pliant, though not tall, figure, showed to advantage in a white dress magnificently embroidered in bright colors that assorted with her dark hair, worn low on the forehead, and with the fine eyes of deep violet hue by which her expressive face was illuminated. * * * * * Josephine loved Napoleon than she loved herself. Childless by her marriage with him, although the mother of a son and daughter by her first less unhappy union with the Vicomte de Beauharnais, she voluntarily consented to her divorce from him for the sake of the perpetuation of his dynasty. She had survived that dishonor, if so it may be called, in her own life; but she could not survive his downfall, and she died when the Elba exile was passed upon him."

ONE morning during the war, an officer riding through the woods of North Alabama, was attracted by a tall, lank countryman, who seemed to be using his best endeavors to reach the top of a large hickory tree. Scarcely had he gained the summit, when, rapidly descending, he started up another tree a few yards farther off. This strange proceeding was continued at least a dozen times, the countryman climbing and descending one tree after another for nearly a quarter of a mile. The officer at length, overtaking him, inquired the cause of his eccentric gyrations. "Wal, stranger," he answered, "I was lyin' asleep under yon hickory, when a darned squirrel dropped a shell-bark into my eye. I'm goin' to worry him till he leaves the settlement, if I die in the attempt."

I LOOK not back after my childhood, but forward. I feel it as something to reach, not to leave. O young people, these hoary and wrinkled ones, your elders, smile at your esteeming them so old! There is, in the heather fables, an elixir of life—a fountain of immortal youth. Every prejudice you throw off renews your age, till you are more a child in your "Father's house" of "many mansions" than you were in your springtime, or college days. Every conquest of passion is rejuvenation.—*Dr. Bartol.*

Horace Greeley.

Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune*, died at Tarrytown, N. Y., Nov. 29th, at 6.30 P. M. Mrs. Greeley became hopelessly ill the first days of October, and Mr. Greeley was a constant attendant at her bedside from that time until her death, a month later. A few days after, he formally resumed editorial control of the *Tribune*; but soon after, from physical prostration, was compelled to seek rest. The long excitement of the Presidential campaign, closing with the solemn death of his wife, had been so intense that the reaction overwhelmed him. Loss of sleep and disorganization of the digestive organs followed, and, under the combination, the strong man failed, and he gradually sank, until death closed the mortal life of Horace Greeley.

The *Tribune* of Saturday, Nov. 30, furnishes the following account of the illness and last hours of Mr. Greeley, so far as known to any of his associates:

"Mr. Greeley was almost in as good health as usual when, on the day after election, he wrote a card announcing his resumption of the editorial charge of the *Tribune*. His sleeplessness was known to have become greatly worse, but for years he suffered more or less from the same difficulty, and, as is now clear, a sufficient allowance had not been made for the intense strain upon him throughout the summer, especially during the last month of his wife's illness, but it soon became evident that his strength was unequal to the hard task to which he had set himself. He wrote only three or four careful articles, no one of them half a column in length. The most notable, perhaps, was that entitled "Conclusions," wherein he summed up his views of the canvass. In all, he wrote less than three and a half columns after his return, contributing to only four issues of the paper. Two or three times he handed his assistant short articles, saying: 'There is an idea worth using, but I haven't felt able to work it out properly. You had better put it in shape.' At last, on Tuesday, the 12th inst., he abandoned the effort to visit the office, and sent for the family physician of Mr. A. J. Johnson, the friend with whom he was a guest, and in whose house his wife had died.

"Every effort was made to induce sleep, but he grew steadily worse until it became evident that his case was critical. Dr. George C. Choate and others were called in consultation, and finally it was decided to take him to Dr. Choate's residence, two or three miles distant from Mr. Greeley's own country house at Chappaqua. Here he received unremitting attention from Dr. Choate, and here Drs. Brown and Sequard, and others, were called in consultation. The insomnia had developed into inflammation of the brain, and under this the venerated patient rapidly sank. At times he was delirious; at other times as clear-headed as ever. He lost flesh and strength with startling rapidity, and in a few days the possibility of his speedy death forced itself into unwilling recognition. It was not, however, until Thursday that his associates and family brought themselves to admit it, and even they still clung to his faith in the vigor of his constitution. On Wednesday night he failed very rapidly. On Thursday afternoon and evening he seemed somewhat easier. During the night he slept very uneasily, muttering occasionally, and frequently raising his right hand. Toward morning he was more unquiet, and between eight and nine fell into a nearly unconscious condition, which continued, with some intervals, during the day. He made occasional exclamations, but many of them, in consequence of his extreme weakness and apparent inability to finish what he began, were unintelligible.

"About noon, however, he said quite distinctly, and with some force, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' During the day he recognized various people, his daughter many times, the members of his household at Chappaqua, Mr. J. R. Stuart, and Mr. Reid. On the whole, he suffered little; seemed to have no more than the ordinary restlessness which accompanies the last stage of the disease. During the day his extremities were cold, and there was no pulse at the wrist. The action of the heart was very intermittent, and constantly diminishing in force. He had not asked for water or been willing to drink since his stay at Dr. Choate's, and up to within half an hour of the end he manifested in various ways his consciousness of what was going on around him, and even answered in monosyllables, and intelligently, questions addressed to him.

"About half-past 3 he said, very distinctly, 'It is done,' and beyond the briefest answers to questions, this was his last utterance. His youngest daughter, Miss Gabrielle, was with him through Thursday evening. Throughout Friday, the elder daughter, Miss Ida, was in constant attendance, as she had been during the whole of his illness, and of Mrs. Greeley's, before him. The other members of his Chappaqua household were present, with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Stuart, and a few other friends. Nothing that science or affection could suggest was wanting to ease the last hours. The wintry night had fairly set in when the inevitable hour came. Without, the sleighs were running to and fro, bearing to Chappaqua, the nearest telegraph station, the latest bulletins which the thousands of anxious hearts in the great city near by kept demanding. Within, the daughter and a few others stood near the dying man, who remained conscious and seemingly rational and free from pain, though now too weak to speak. In an adjoining room sat one or two more friends and the physician. At ten minutes before 7 o'clock they drew back in reverent stillness from the bedside. The great editor was gone in peace after so many struggles and after so much obloquy."

Horace Greeley was born in Amherst, N. H., Feb. 3, 1811. His father was a farmer, and he worked, assisting on the farm until he was fifteen years of age. In 1821, the family removed to West Haven, Vt., and in 1826 Horace entered the office of the *Northern Spectator*, published at East Poultney, Vt. During his life on the farm, and while engaged in the printing office, he was assiduous in his studies. He became an expert printer, and aided in editing the paper. In June, 1830, the paper suspended. His family had, in the meantime removed to Erie county, Pa., and Horace engaged as a journeyman printer at Jamestown and Lodi, N. Y., and also at Erie. In August, 1831, he went to New York, where he worked at his trade until 1833. He then commenced, with a Mr. Story as a partner, a printing office of his own; but the firm did not last six months. In March, 1834, he began a weekly journal called the *New Yorker*, while he contributed editorially to the *Daily Whig*; and in 1838-9, he edited the *Jeffersonian*. In 1840, he edited the *Log-Cabin*, a campaign paper; and on April 10, 1841, he began the publication of the *Tribune*, in which paper were consolidated the *New Yorker* and the *Log-Cabin*. In 1848, he was elected to fill a vacancy in Congress, and held a seat in that body for three months. In 1836, he was married to Miss Mary F. Cheney, who had been for some time teaching school in Warrenton, N. C. Two daughters, now grown to womanhood, survive him.

MR. GREELEY'S LAST LETTER.

The following is a copy of the last letter from Horace Greeley to Charles Lanman, of Washington:

NEW YORK, June 27, 1872.

FRIEND LANMAN: I received yours of the 25th inst. I have all my life been doing what people called vastly foolish, impolitic acts, and I did not dispute their judgment. I only said that what I did seemed to me the right thing. If I should die before election, or be beaten therein, please testify for me that I do not regret having braved public opinion when I thought it wrong, and knew it to be merciless.

HORACE GREELEY.

Garibaldi's Second Wife.

Near Como is a palatial villa, with forest-like grounds, which is one of many villas belonging to the father of Garibaldi's second wife, the Marchesa. He has refused 750,000 francs for this villa dell' Orno, but it is said he will take a million if offered. In it and on its vast grounds was held the Como industrial and agricultural exhibition of this season, which event gave me a chance to see the building. The villa has some superb halls in it, and the grounds are very large.

A gentleman who sat next to me the other day at a dinner party gave me a little bit of a romance about the Marchesa Garibaldi, as the second wife of the famous Italian general is called. I had heard that she was the wife of Garibaldi's son.

"Not at all," said my dinner-table companion, a Milanese count, who knew all about the strange affair; "she is the second wife of the general himself. She left him the day after the wedding, and they have never met since."

I looked all the questions I was dying to ask, upon which he added, with a laugh and a shrug, as if he knew more than was proper to tell at that moment: "No reasons were given on either side."

The subject was dropped, but it recalled to me a strange story I had heard some years ago of a second marriage of Garibaldi's, and which served well to join on to the unfinished or broken link that my dinner acquaintance had given me. I'll tell it to you as it was told me, and you can join the two links or not, just as you please. It was at least a dozen years ago. The lady was young, titled, rich, handsome and fast. No name was given me. She conceived a desperate, passionate admiration for the famous "Liberator of Italy." She was young enough to be Garibaldi's daughter. His friends favored the marriage, but the celebrated "Anita," his first wife, who accompanied him through many of his adventures, and whose sad death has been so often and so touchingly described, is supposed to be the only love of Garibaldi's life. Nevertheless, the marriage took place between the general and the young Lombardy Marchesa. But, sad to relate, on the wedding day, after the ceremony, Garibaldi received information, with undoubted proofs, of the immorality of his young bride. Why had he not been told sooner? I cannot tell you anything but the simple story as I heard it. When the newly married pair were left alone Garibaldi told his young wife what he had heard, but added: "If you will say you are an honest woman, I will take your word."

"But if I cannot, what then?" asked the Marchesa.

"We must part forever this very moment," replied Garibaldi.

The young woman turned, left her husband of an hour, and never saw him again. It was said that the stories against her character were false, and the young girl, though gay, was innocent. But her pride was so wounded at the charge being made by her husband at that moment, and in such a peremptory manner, that she scorned to justify herself; his want of faith in her dispelled her illusions and broke the charm of her love.

I saw the Marchesa Garibaldi at one of the regattas on Lake Como, early in September. She is about thirty-five years old, I should think; a handsome but coarse looking woman; has fierce, defiant eyes, dark skin, heavy dark hair parted on one side; thrust through the thick braids at the back was an oxydized silver saber, placed in the same way that the Trastevere tortoise shell daggers are worn in the hair. She was dressed very simply in a *soia crudis*, or raw silk, costume, and round hat with cock-of-the-wood's feather.—*Milan Letter to Boston Advertiser.*

TAKEN ABACK.—Young Blifkins, son of old Blifkins, the banker,—he of the Dolly Varden pants and vest—was recently caught in a shower, and took refuge under the portico of a dwelling on Beacon street. A very attractive young lady—a pretty maiden—who sat by the open window, seeing his situation, sent out a servant to him with an umbrella. Blifkins went away in ecstacy, and on the following day, having attired himself in most elaborate and stunning array of starch and jewels, he took the umbrella, which was an old one, and laid it away with his treasures of conquest as a souvenir, and then went forth and purchased an affair to replace it of the most beautiful and costly kind. Thus equipped he called upon the lady to return her flattering loan. She admitted him to her presence, and received the umbrella without apparently noticing the exchange; and it was not until she had listened with becoming gravity to his dramatic acknowledgment that the truth dawned upon her. She saw that he labored under the enchanting impression that she had been smitten by his appearance.

"Weally," said Blifkins, in a sweet, poetic mood, "yoush tender act touched me me deeply, it did, 'pon honaw."

"Indeed, sir," replied the maiden, with charming naivete, "there was no need of this gratitude on your part. As you stood beneath our portico you obstructed my view of a gentleman at an opposite window who had been observing me, and I sent the umbrella as the readiest means to get rid of your unwelcome presence."

Blifkins went home and broke up the old umbrella, and consigned its hated fragments to the ash barrel.

LONDON PUNCH ON ARBITRATION.—Triumph again attends enlightened policy and arbitration! San Juan is lost to us by the award of the Emperor William. Let it go. The Americans have succeeded in getting our money. Now let them take our land also. All the world will see that we have the courage of our pacific principles, and mankind will applaud our heroic self-abnegation. Popularity will reward us and encourage perseverance in it. Go on. *Sic itur ad astra, sic etiam!*—pardon for the dog Latin. Spain would fain reclaim Gibraltar. To yield it to the Spaniards at once, without our saying a word, not to name striking a blow, were pusillanimous. Encouraged by the past, perhaps our Government will refer the demand for Gibraltar to arbitration too. To secure England against the possible partiality of any other European authority, let the referee be the Pope. Or, to make assurance of unbiased and disinterested judgment doubly sure, suppose we say the President of the United States.

INDIAN NOTATION—INADEQUATE CONCEPTION OF THE NUMBERS OF THE WHITES.—The following observations of the St. Louis *Republican* are quite in harmony with those made by others who have come in contact with the Indians:

The Indian tribes have no system of notation by which to express large numbers except by comparison, which conveys a confused and general idea. As numerous as "the trees in the forest," as "the blades of grass," or as "the buffalo on the plains," are very obvious comparisons when an idea of uncounted numbers is intended to be conveyed.

The other day, when "Two Bears" was here, he told Father de Smet that when he left home his tribe told him to give them on his return the number of the whites, and their wigwams, which he saw while gone. Two Bears said that when they reached Sioux City, they notched all the people they saw on a stick, and counted the houses which they saw. But when they got to Chicago the people were so many that they could not count them, and so with the wigwams; so they contented themselves with counting the streets. At Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and Chouteau's town, (St. Louis,) they were confounded with the number of whites and houses they saw, and gave up all idea of counting them. All they could do, Two Bears said, was to tell their people that the whites were as numerous as the blades of grass.

Father de Smet said that the surprise of Two Bears reminded him that many years ago he visited the Crows, and when the latter heard the "Black Gown" had come they called a council. The occasion of the council being called together was this: One of their chiefs had been sent to Washington to see the Great Father. On his return he was asked by his people to give some account of what he saw. His statement of the numbers of the whites which he said he had seen appeared so improbable to the minds of his countrymen that they refused to believe him, and gave him the nickname of "Big Liar." He remained thus under ban until the arrival of Father de Smet, and knowing the regard they had for the Black Gown, he had the council called together in order to vindicate his character for truth and veracity. The assembled chiefs asked Father de Smet in regard to the matter. He told them that if they would start at sunrise and ride round in a circle all day till sundown, and were then able to count the blades of grass contained in the circle, they would form some idea of the numbers of the whites. They were astonished, and still more surprised when Father de Smet told them that he had seen cities across the sea that would take them from sunrise till sunset to ride round on their ponies, and that the houses on the space thus ridden round were as thick as the fingers on their hands. After this simple statement, the Indians no longer doubted Big Liar's statements, but were ready to believe anything said about the vastness of the white population.

THE FOLLIES OF FASHION.—A lady sends us the following article from the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Sunday News*, with a request for us to publish it.

No one can deny that the present style of female dress is about the most lascivious that has been worn for a hundred years, and seems to have been adopted solely for the purpose of attracting the attention of the male species to certain and praticular portions of the female form divine. The immense panniers, the vibrating bustles, the patent humpers, false busts, &c., which the French nation—the most lascivious and voluptuous on earth—is continually sending upon the market for the benefit of the unfortunate and poorly formed of the female sex, never fail to have the intended effect upon the animal nature of the male biped.

Touching this subject the *Gospel Messenger*, the organ of the Episcopal Church, published in this city, gives the prevailing fashions and the ladies who patronise them the following scathing blast:

There are some features in the dress of the present day which every modest wife should shrink from showing upon herself, every careful mother should prohibit her daughters wearing—things that instead of pleasing the pure senses are a direct covert appeal to sensuality, and can have no other purpose—ornaments that are so arranged as to attract the eye to portions of the person that should be passed over by the modest gaze; style that gives a character to the walk like that of the lascivious dances of the east; distortions of limb and figure that are injurious to health, and which can have no other recommendation than that they suggest certain ideas as to the female form that are agreeable to the animal called man, looking as an animal on woman. The second French Empire, appealing as it did systematically to everything that was impure and base in man, has infected the fashion of dress to an unusual degree, and very many follow the fashions without thinking anything about them. But it should be borne in mind that ornamental dress is always designed to be effective in some direction. It produces some effect upon the spectators; it has some appreciable influence upon the wearers. Women cannot wear an impure style of dress, especially one that has in it an element of sensuality, without an injury to their own perfect purity and refinement, which every mother must watch over in her daughters, and every wife guard religiously in herself.

CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.—It seems that Mr. Bessemer's delightful plans for saving us from sea-sickness in crossing the Channel are really maturing, and that Mr. E. J. Reed, formerly Naval Architect to the Admiralty, is now settling the plans of a couple of vessels with saloons ninety feet long by thirty feet broad and twenty feet high, which are to be kept steady by hydraulic apparatus, even while all the rest of the vessel is virtually tossing in a storm. Above the saloon will be a promenade deck, seventy feet in length, of, of course, equal stability. "In the roughest weather," says Mr. Bessemer, "this saloon and the deck will not be subjected to a greater amount of motion than is felt in ordinary railway carriages." Surely, Mr. Bessemer's name will be blessed forever if he succeeds. Ought there not, indeed, to be a sort of secular canonization invented for such benefactors of their race as these? Of course, to make the thing complete, the steady part of the vessel will be in full sight of the unsteady, where the passengers unable to pay for exemption from sea-sickness will be visible, and so give the richer even a costlier luxury than that attributed by the great Latin poet to the safe observer of shipwreck. Our age is not cruel enough to enjoy seeing terrible sufferings from a safe position, but we think the sight of the worst of discomforts from a position of perfect immunity would not be disagreeable to it.—*London Spectator.*

SATAN has got thousands of men into trouble, but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods or bail out the defendants. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money; but when he had wasted his substance in riotous living, they let him go to the swine pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new-comer. Gamblers always make fun of the losses of gamblers. They who tempt you into the contest, with fists, saying, "I will back you," will be be the first to run.—*T. D. Talmage.*

MENTAL RECREATION.—Mental diversion, mental exhilaration, mental release from the cares and business worries of life, are not only essential to healthful thought and healthful condition of the mind, but they materially promote bodily vigor and physical well being. Amusements should more largely enter into American family life than they now do; it is the absence of it to too great an extent which leads to many social evils, to many habits and practices which ruin the health and the morals of our sons and our daughters, in a great many cases. If boys and girls, of fifteen and upwards, do not find amusements at home, especially during the long winter evenings, they sigh for places where exhilaration can be found—the sons for the street, the daughters for the dance, for the theatre, for visiting those of their associates whose homes are more lively.

Young people cannot be expected to have books and newspapers always in their hands, or sit demurely by the family fireside by the hour, in hemming and stitching and knitting. Games and pastimes should be more freely introduced into our families; there should be more off-hand visiting, of informal calls, where one neighbor can drop into another neighbor's house after dark and spend an hour or two in unrestrained social intercourse, without form or ceremony, for two or three nights in the week, thus giving air, exercise and recreation.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*